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TO THE MOST
Excellent & Illustrious
PRINCE
JAMES

DUKE OF
MONMOUTH and *BVCCLEVGH, &c.*

ON THE
Happy Solemnity of his GRACE's
INAUGURATION in the
Chancellourship

OF THE
Most F A M O U S and R E N O W N E D
UNIVERSITY



CAMBRIDGE.

In the *SAYOY,*

Printed by *Tho. Newcombe*, Anno Dom. 1674.

TO THE MOST

Excellent & Illustrious

PRINCE

JAMES

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ON THE

Happy Solemnity of his GRACE'S

42-21

INAGURATION in the

Chancery

OF THE

Most Famous and Renowned

UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE.

In the 21st NOV.

Printed by T. Newman, & Sons, 167.

(3)



H Mighty Prince ! by too great Birth
 betray'd,
 Born to those Fortunes which you
 might have made;
 Had Fate been kind, she would
 have plac'd you lowe,
 That to your self, you might your Greatness owe,
 And having from an humble Race begun,
 Through the whole stage of Fame and Honour run;
 Now though we grant you'r Valiant and you'r Wise,
 Full of vast hopes, and Princely qualities,
 Such, as whose youthful acts have daunted Fame,
 And made her tremble when she spoke your Name;
 Something of this, is to your Linage due,
 Your Ancestors were such, as well as you.
 You could not Death more bravely have defy'd,
 Then the King suffer'd, or His Father dy'd,
 Yet if we look into those rules of State,
 By which Heaven Govern's what it did Create;
 If we but raise our Thoughts, and leave the Earth,
 Your glories will be doubled by your Birth,
 And it will strait be easy to convince,
 That you deserv'd ev'n to be born a Prince;
 Were a high Birth, to chance and hazard ow'd,
 Not on the Good, but Fortune bestow'd,
 Thought would to you, no real Glory bring,
 To be the Son, and Favorite of a King,
 Yet we should think, that Fortune had been kind,
 When she had prov'd so prosperously blind:
 But sure this World is by strange Laws contriv'd,
 And all its beauties, are from chance deriv'd.

A 2

Sure.

(4)

Sure it is still, by rash events controul'd;
 Heat and Confusion rule the giddy Mould,
 Or else that Love that doth the Fields supply,
 That hears the needy Ravens when they cry,
 That does ev'n senceless, useles things maintain,
 Takes far more care of its own Image, Man;
 And though we all do the same stamp partake,
 Yet Princes souls are of a brighter make:
 They, since they are to govern Provinces,
 To wage our Wars, and to restore our Peace,
 To pry into the hidden depths of Fate,
 And meet those ills that do on Fortune wait,
 Since in their happiness that of Nations lies,
 And Mankind suffers when they do amiss,
 Must of that wisdom have a larger share,
 Which does the Worlds unweildy Scepter bear,
 And the seditious Elements of things,
 Into one fair and friendly body brings.
 Methinks I see, how the Great Workman fate,
 When he a Soul for *Monmouth* did Create,
 In his own Beams he did his Pencil dye,
 And mix fair *Vertue* with dread *Majesty*,
 First he the solid ornaments design'd;
 The strength and greatness of a Heroes mind.
 Then to make Love, as well as Fear beget,
 Added the charms of Goodness and of Wit,
 And did them all with such hid Art compose,
 That a new beauty from the Union rose,
 When having finish'd the amazing draught,
 And the great work to its perfection brought,

He

(5)

He pleas'd himself with his own Workmanship,
 And a soft slumber did o're *Heaven* creep:
 Till he at last the awfu silence broke,
 And from the crowd, a *Favorite Angel* took,
 To whose fair hands the sacred pledge he gave,
 The *Good*, the *Wise*, the *Fortunate*, the *Brave*,
 And in a language, none but Angels know,
 Assign'd him where he should his charge bestow.
 Thrice the blest spirit bow'd and then obey'd,
 Through the soft ayre the nimble spirit play'd,
 Through many a Star he took his shining way,
 And slid along the sources of the day.
 And as by every glorious light he past,
 He a *Majestick* ray for his fair Infant ask't,
 With every star he did strict friendship make,
 And a kind influence for his charge bespake,
 When a faroff the happy shore he spy'd,
 And the last Province of the *World* descry'd,
 Where at the bottom of the lympid sky,
 The sediments and lees of Nature lye:
 Thither he posted with officious hast,
 And blest the toyls of his long journey past;
 The mighty weight that had oppress'd quite
 The fainting wings of the fair Son of light,
 Now nothing seem'd, and he was fresh again,
 And wish'd for more such Heroes to sustain.
 So through the clouds with lightnings speed he fled,
 And as he past, the mountains bow'd their head,
 While the tall groves into a garland made,
 Temper'd his *Brightness* with a pleasing Shade,

B

Till

Till he at length his welcome present brings,
 The best of *Princes* to the best of *Kings*.
 Thus you *Great Sir*, by Heaven were design'd,
 Heaven-like your self compassionate and kind.
 Thus we are of the Royal Off-Spring too,
 The *Kings* your *Father*, and the *Muses* you;
 For *Oxford* too, does our good fortune share,
 You are not ours but *Learnings* *Chancellour*.
 Now drooping Arts, raise your afflicted head,
 And view that Blessing, which your Pray'rs have bred;
 Forget the baffl'd insolence of Fate,
 The Fopp's contempt, and the Mechanick hate;
 Heaven has eternal happiness in store,
 And *Learning* now shall be despis'd no more.
 Lay by your canting and fanatick fears,
 Idle complaints, and superstitious tears,
 See where your *Champion* and your *Prince* appears:
 On his fair brows a thousand Charms are met,
 There vigorous Youth and sage Experience sit,
Valor and *Sweetness*, *Majesty* and *Love*,
Triumph and *Pitty* do together move,
 And *Conquest* in the fury of the day,
 Thorough soft smiles makes its unheeded way.
 Had he no *Fame* but what he owes the *Field*,
 Such as great deeds, and valiant actions yeild,
 No means among posterity to live,
 But what one Town and one Assault would give,
 Yet would his Name by the whole World be read,
 When *Pompous* tombs an *Antiquary* need,
 When Marble shall decay, and Brasses be dumbe,
 And Monuments themselves shall dust become.

'Tis

(7)

'Tis but a poor provision against Death,
 Upon a crumbling stone to name the Man beneath.
 He does the best time's injuries survive,
 That keeps even stones and monuments alive;
 By whom the Reliques of a conquer'd Town,
 Turn'd into rubbish keep their old renown:
 By whom death is to senseless things deny'd,
 And for whose sake ev'n slighted walls abide.
 But you, *Great Sir*, still more securely go,
 And a more certain path to honour show,
 When not to purchase but deserve a name,
 You guard those *Arts* that must record your *Fame*,
 And having laid your conquering Laurels by,
 From which even Death in her worst shapes did fly,
 Unto the peaceful Trophies you advance,
 And head those Troops that conquer Ignorance.
 So when he has the woods with slaughter fill'd,
 And many a beast, and many a monster kill'd,
 Down his dread quiver and his bow he lays,
 And on his harp the gentle *Phœbus* plays;
 While the forgetful game around him goe,
 And kiss his harp that trembled at his bowe.
 Now you that the laborious course have run,
 And the blest prize of Godlike knowledge won;
 That have new worlds of spacious truth descry'd,
 And into all the depths of wisdom pry'd,
 Receive those Honours that your Vertues claime,
 And take rewards proportion'd to your Fame.
 You that are still upon the craggy way,
 Let no despaire your constancy allay,

But

(8)

But let your hopes be vigorous as your age,
What these possess is your inheritance;
He that his dearest *Monmouth* can bestow,
What is there else he can withhold from you;
What room is left for doubt or for despair,
In such a *King* and such a *Chancellor*?
Blest *Prince*! you have the right way understood,
Princes are only great by being good;
For since they must to the next age be known,
And all their actions publickly be shown,
While we forget the undistinguish'd fry,
And with themselves their names together dye,
They should of all in virtuous acts excell,
That their old greatness may continue still;
And you have done it, *Sir*, your name shall last,
And a sweet smell of pleasing odours cast,
Through every age your *Vertue* shall be known;
And you shall still reap honour and renown,
Upon your head a double *Crown* shall sit,
The *Crown* of *Conquest* and the *Crown* of *Wit*.

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FINIS.

ciandum & decernendum de & super convictione ejusdem Magistri post Examinationem
 bitam; Tibi *Richardo Bentley* sacrae Theologiae Professori Magistro hodierno Collegij praedicti, Artic-
 los Capitula sive Interrogatoria infra scripta Malam Administrationem officij tui qua Magistri dicti
 Collegij, Criminaque & Excessus in praedicto secundo Membro dicti Capitis quadragiesimi Statutorum
 praedictorum expressa & mentionata, & praesertim *Dilapidationem Bonorum & Status & Redituum* sive
 Pro-